THE

CHILD'S BOOK

ON

THE SOUL.

PART SECOND.



BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET,
Late Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

WITH QUESTIONS, ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND OF INFANT SCHOOLS.

Third Edition.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY COOKE AND CO.
1833.

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PREFACE.

In the first part of the Child's Book on the Soul, the author stated, that his object was to illustrate and enforce one simple truth, *that a child has a soul, distinct from the body, which will survive it, and live forever.*

In this continuation of that book, the inquiry of the child, whither his soul will go, after his body is dead, and who will take care of it, is attempted to be answered.

This answer leads to the consideration of some collateral topics, growing out of the main one, and intimately connected with it.

The two books contain instruction on the following subjects:

The immateriality and immortality of the Soul;

The existence of God;

His not having a body, but being a Spirit;

His omniscience;

His omnipresence;

His omnipotence;

His eternity;

His being the Creator, the Preserver, and the Governor, of all beings and things;

His goodness;

His holiness;

The fact, that He has given us a revelation of His will;

The leading principle of His moral government, that we must love and obey Him, and do good to others;

The sanctions of His moral government, in the rewards and punishments of a future state.

In all this, the proof of the existence of GOD, from the Light of Nature, and of the Truth of the Sacred Scriptures, is not attempted. Perhaps, the author may yet do this. To bring the latter topic, however, down to the capacity of quite young children, would require a great deal of careful reflection, and of very patient analysis; if indeed, the human mind, at five or six years of age, has attained to sufficient scope of thought, and power of generalization, to embrace it in its true and useful import.

Shall we forbear to teach children religious truth, and the truths of Revelation too, because, at an early age, they must, at first, receive and believe them, on the mere testimony of the parent?—Shall we hope to secure them against what some may call prejudice, by withholding from them this instruction?

If so they must be removed from civilized society, and from all social intercourse.

Are there none but *religious prejudices*; none in business; in morals; in politics?

You wish your child to form his own opinions, without any bias, on all subjects that affect his eternal well-being. Let *him not, then, feel the influence* even of *your example.* If

you treat the Bible, and the Sabbath, with neglect, your conduct speaks a louder language than words can do. *You predispose him to infidelity.* You give him a bias *against* Christianity. *You do not leave him entirely free to form his own opinions.*

It is idle, to think of training up a child, like a wild ass's colt, in such a freedom. Opinions he must form, and will begin to form, at a very early age. The parent is as much bound to furnish *his mind with useful truth, as his body with wholesome food.* In both cases, the child, if left to himself, may err, most sadly. And, in both cases, the parent must act conscientiously, according to his best judgment.

On the other hand, as the mind of the child strengthens, and his reasoning powers acquire sufficient maturity, he should never be discountenanced from inquiring into the evidences of those truths which he has been taught to receive on the authority of the parent. Let him understand the objections of the unbeliever in all their pretended force, and see by their fair refutation, and by the irresistible evidences of the truth of Revelation, both internal and external, that it rests on a basis which cannot be shaken.

When the consideration of these evidences, and a more faithful study of the Divine Oracles of Truth, shall form a part, and *a prominent part*, of the education of our children and youth, in this land, *called Christian*, then we may hope, and not till then, for a more general diffusion among us, not only of a speculative knowledge of what the religion of Jesus Christ is, but of the influence of its genuine spirit *upon the* hearts and lives of men.

Should the efforts of the author, in the humble task in which he is engaged, in any degree, contribute to the promotion of this great object, he shall feel, that he has not labored in vain.

It ought to be observed, that, although in the conversation between the mother and the child, in these books, there is a regular progression from one elementary, religious truth to another ; still, the author would not, by this, mean to say that a child of five years of age, may not be taught other important truths, and those which involve the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. For the sake of method, and it was necessary, *to have some method*, he has taken a course of illustration which appeared to him, to be the most simple, and intelligible to the child.

An ample list of questions, for the benefit of the pupils in Sunday Schools, and in Infant Schools, will be found at the end of the book.

They relate not only to the particular thoughts contained in the dialogues, but also to such other thoughts, as these would naturally suggest.

Let the pupil read, and have explained to him, *one dialogue thoroughly*. Then propose the questions. It will test his knowedge of the subject; it will lead him to pursue continuous trains of thought; and teach him to *think for himself*.

THE

CHILD'S BOOK ON THE SOUL.

PART II.

A LETTER,

To the little Boys and Girls who have read the Child's Book on the Soul, Part I.

My Dear Children,

I told you, in the first book which I wrote about the soul, that perhaps I should write another little book, and tell you something more about your souls.

I have done it. This is the book; and I hope you will read it as attentively as you did the other, and try to understand it.

Remember what I told you before. *If there is any thing which you do not under*

stand, be sure to ask somebody to explain it to you.

There will be some more dialogues in this book, between Mrs. Stanhope and her son, Robert. I hope that you will be as attentive as he seemed to be, and as desirous to learn something more about your souls. Then your parents and teachers will be glad to give you instruction, and I shall be glad to write little books, that will, I hope, be both entertaining and useful to you.

I am your friend,

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

DIALOGUE I.

After Robert's mother had told him, that *his soul would never die*, he thought a great deal about it. Indeed, he lay awake a long time, that night, thinking about his soul, and wondering where it would go to, after his body should die, and be laid in the grave.

The next morning, he rose very early, before any body in the house was up, and ran to his mother's chamber, and waked her, and asked her to talk with him, again, about his soul. Mrs. Stanhope told Robert, that he must be patient, and wait till breakfast was done, and that, then, she would do as he wished. He was a good boy, and went down stairs, and got his little book, and sat

down to study his lesson. It rained very hard, that morning, so that he could not go out to take a walk. After breakfast, Mrs. Stanhope and the children went into the library, and while Eliza was amusing herself with looking at some pictures, Robert and his mother had the following dialogue.

Robert. I am astonished, mother, to think, that *my soul will never die.* I knew that my body would die. For I saw William Baker, after he was dead; and I thought, then, that I should die like him, and that my body would be laid in the grave. I felt very much afraid to die.

Mother. Do you now feel afraid to die, my son?

R. Yes, mother, I do. I felt afraid to die *before*, because I thought I should be put

down into the ground, and be covered all over with earth, and never see you, or Eliza, or any body else, any more.

But *now* I feel most afraid to die, because I do not know where my soul will go to, or who will take care of it, after my body is dead, and laid in the grave.

M. That is what I will try to explain to you, and I hope to make you understand what you *must do*, so that you need not be afraid, at all, to die.

R. Oh! mother, how glad I shall be, to know that. Why will you not tell me all about it *now*, before you begin to keep school.

M. You must have a little patience, Robert. Do you not remember, that you wanted to know, all at once, about your

soul, *that something within you which thinks, and feels, and knows what is right and what is wrong?* You had to wait then, till I could explain it to you, only as fast as you could understand me; and, after a while, you seemed to know pretty well all that I wished to teach you.

And now, I must talk to you, in the same way, slowly and carefully; or else you will not understand me.

R. Mother, I always find out, that you know best how to teach me. I will not be impatient; but only do begin.

M. When you die, your soul will immediately go out of your body. You wish to know, *where it will go to, and who will take care of it.*

R. I do, mother; I do. For, suppose

I should *die soon*, while I am a little boy, as William Baker did, I should leave you, and go away,—I do not know where,—and I should have no kind mother to take care of me! Who would take care of me?

M. Your Father, my son?

R. *My Father*, mother, is dead. I do not know where he has gone. Shall I go to the same place where he is, so that he can take care of me?

M. I hope you will, my son. But it is *another Father* that I mean.

R. Mother, I do not understand you. You used to tell me, that my father's name was like mine. You have shown me his name, on the tombstone, in the burying-ground; and I wept, when I saw you weeping, while we stood near his grave. I do

not remember him, but you have told me, that he was a very good man, and very kind to you and to me, and that you loved him very much. But who is my *other* father? Have you ever seen *him?* *Where* is he? I want to see *him*, too, very much.

M. Robert, you had a father who died when you was a little boy. He was the father of Eliza, too. He was my husband. His name was Robert Stanhope.

But you have *another Father*, who lives above that blue sky. He is the Father of *Eliza*, and of *me*, too, and of *all the men, and women, and children* in the world. If you are a good boy, and *do what He tells you to do*, you will go *where he is*, when you die, and He will take care of you, and make you happy forever.

R. Mother, did you ever *see this Father?*

M. No, my son, but I have *a Book* which tells me about Him, and what we must do to please Him; so that He will love us here, and love us when we die, and take up *our souls*, to live with Him forever, in that beautiful place where *He lives.*

R. Oh! mother, what is the name of this good and kind Father: and what is the name of the place where he lives?

M. His name, my son, is GOD. He lives in *Heaven.* We call Him, our Father who is in Heaven, or *our Heavenly Father.*

R. My dear mother, how many new and wonderful things you have told me? I want to know a great deal more about God, my Heavenly Father; and about that beautiful place, called Heaven; and about that

Book, which you have, and which tells you about these things.

M. My son, I am glad to see you so anxious to learn more of God. I hope, to be able to teach you *out of that Book* which He has given me, and to learn you to read this Book yourself. For *it is the best of all books*. It makes those wise who read it; and those who love it, and obey it, need not fear to die. For it tells them that their souls will go to heaven, as soon as their bodies are dead, and be happy in Heaven forever, where God, their Heavenly Father, will always love them and take care of them.

But we have talked a long while, and must stop now. You and Eliza may go out and play, for it does not rain, and when it is time, I will call you in, to school.

B



DIALOGUE II.

In the afternoon, Robert's aunt came to see Mrs. Stanhope; so that his mother did not talk with him, in the evening, about his soul. She promised, however, to do it, the next day, after his aunt had gone. His aunt was going to take Eliza home with her, to stay two or three weeks; and Robert felt a little sorry to have his sister go, and leave him. But he knew, that it would make Eliza happy, and do her good, for she was not quite well, and so, after bidding her, and his aunt, good-bye, the next morning, he saw them ride away in the chaise, and went into the house with his mother.

Mrs. Stanhope told Robert, that she would take a walk with him, and go to the bank of the beautiful stream which was not far from their house. It was a place where she often walked. There was a shady grove of trees near the bank, and a seat under one of the trees ;—and there Robert and his mother sat down ;—and while all around them was pleasant and still, they talked together.

Robert. You promised, mother, to tell me more about God, my Heavenly Father ; and now I shall be very glad to hear you.

Mother. Perhaps, my son, I may say some things which it will be difficult for you to understand. *God is so great, and we so little ; He is so powerful, and we so weak ; He is so wise, and we so ignorant ; that we*

must not expect to know a great deal about Him. Sometimes, you say, it is hard for you to understand things which *I* say, and things which *I* do, because you are such a little boy; and I tell you, that you will understand them when you grow older. So, we can know but little of God, *now*. If we love and obey Him, we shall go to Heaven when we die, and *there* our souls will know more about God; and difficult things will be explained to us; and we shall keep on learning more and more about God, and His goodness, forever and ever.

R. Mother, I do not wonder that it must be difficult, to understand many things about God. I can hardly understand *how He is*, at all. Is He like us, Mother?

M. In some things, we are a little like

Him, Robert, but *He has no body. He is all* Soul. *He is a* Spirit. *He is the* Great Spirit, *who made you and me, and all the people that are in the world ; and all the beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects ; and every thing that grows ; and the earth ; and the sun, and moon, and stars ; and He takes care of every thing that he has made : and He governs all beings, and things.*

R. How *strong* God must be, mother, to do all this ! But I cannot understand how it is, that He has no body. If he has no body, He has no eyes. How can he *see*, then, to take care of every thing?

M. I told you, my son, that there would be some things about God, which it would be difficult for you to understand ; and this is one of those things, how He can see to

take care of every body and every thing, when *He has no eyes like ours.* But, perhaps, I can explain to you a *little* how this is. For I myself know but very little about it.

R. Do, mother, and I will be very attentive.

M. You remember, I taught you some days ago, how very different your soul is from your body. You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch your body. *It is matter.* But your soul has no form, or colour, or sound, or taste, or smell, or hardness, or softness. It is not matter. It is wholly unlike it. *It is spirit.*

R. All that, I remember, mother, and I think, I understand it pretty well.

M. You remember, too, that you told me, that you could *think*, you were seeing *things*, when you were not seeing them.

R. Yes, I remember that, too, mother.

M. Well, if the spirit is so very different from the body, it is not strange, that *it acts very differently from the body.* The body has eyes which see the things at which *they* look, *and the spirit has its eyes, too, which see the things at which they look.*

R. But I have no eyes, *inside of my head,* mother, where my spirit is.

M. It is true, my son, that your spirit has not *such eyes,* as those with which you are now looking at me. But *your spirit can see things in itself,* when your bodily eyes are shut; and so, because we cannot find any better word to use, we say the spirit has eyes. All that we mean is, that the spirit can see things in itself, and without the help of the bodily eyes.

R. I begin, mother, to understand you a little better; but still, I do not understand you very well.

M. What is this, Robert?

R. Your watch, mother.

M. Now, shut your eyes, and tell me whether my watch is a gold, or a silver, one.

R. It is a gold one.

M. How do you know so? You do not *see* my watch.

R. But I can *think exactly how it looks*.

M. *You see it in your spirit, or in your mind.* (Spirit and mind mean the same thing.) You see it with *the eyes of your* mind; just as, when you look at the watch, you see it with your *bodily eyes*.

R. May I open my eyes, now, mother?

M. No, keep them shut a little longer.

R. It is very hard to do so.

M. I will tie my handkerchief round your head, Robert, and that will make it more easy for you to keep your eyes shut.

(Mrs. Stanhope ties her handkerchief round Robert's head.)

R. Now, mother, I cannot see at all, even if I were to try.

M. Well, my son, tell me how your sister Eliza looks.

R. If she looks as she did this morning, mother, she looks a little pale. I think she was not very well, and, perhaps, too, she felt sorry that she was going to leave us.

M. But you do not *see* Eliza, and you could not see her, if your eyes were open.

R. But I can *think exactly how she looks, mother.*

M. Can you think exactly how William Baker looked, when he was alive?

R. Yes, mother, I can; I see him now, standing, just as he used to do, sometimes, at his father's door, when I went to play with him.

M. You see your little sister, then, who is *alive*, and your little playmate, who is *dead*, equally well, in your mind, or as we may say, with the *eyes of your mind*.

Now, Robert, tell me, if you can think how our house and garden look.

R. I can, mother, and it seems, as if I saw the road beyond our house, and the church, and the other houses.

M. Can you think of that beautiful prospect which I took you to see, when we went up the high hill, near your aunt's?

R. Oh! yes, mother, I see it all, th fields, the woods, the river, the houses, th men at work, the cows, the sheep, and the beautiful water-fall, just as if I were standing now, on the top of that same hill.

M. Can you think of a great many persons and things, that you have seen a great while ago?

R. I can, mother, and I suppose if I were to keep thinking, all day, with my eyes blindfolded, about things that I have seen, I could see *them all*, just as I have seen them before.

M. You saw them, before, with your *bodily eyes*. Now, you would see them *in your spirit*, or, as we may say, *with the eyes of your mind*.

If, then, you can see *in your spirit* so many, many persons and things, it is not difficult

for the GREAT God, to see *in His Spirit*, or *with the eyes of his Mind*, all the persons and things which He has made, and which He takes care of.

As you can see things, although your bodily eyes are shut; so GOD can see things, although *He has no bodily eyes*. He sees all persons, and all things. He sees you at all times. *He has always seen you, and he will always see you. He sees all you think and feel, as well as all you do. You can hide nothing from Him.*

God does not love people who do wrong. Fear then, my son, to do wrong, or to say any thing wrong, or to feel wrong, or to think wrong. For, remember, God *always sees you.*

R. Oh! mother, *how great God is!*

hope I shall always *do*, and *say*, and *feel*, and *think* what is *right*, so that GOD may love me, and take me up to Heaven when I die.

M. I hope so, indeed, my dear son. But it is growing late. Take off the handkerchief, and let us go home. This evening, I will talk with you again about GOD, your Heavenly Father.

DIALOGUE III.

Mrs. Stanhope did not forget her promise, to teach Robert again about GOD, in the evening. She sat down with him by the

window, in the parlour. They had no candle in the room. The moon shone so bright, that they needed no other light. The sky, too, was filled with stars. Robert, as he looked abroad on the scene, had feelings which he never had before. "How great GOD is," said he ; "*how powerful He must be* to have made, and to take care of, that bright moon, and all those beautiful stars !"

M. Yes, my son, and GOD is *as good*, as He is great. *He takes care of you, and of all little children, and of every little bird that builds its nest upon the trees.*

R. But, mother, when *you* take care of me, and of Eliza, you have *to be* where we are. When *you* take care of the different things in the house, you have to go about

the house, from one room to the other. If GOD has no body, how can *He go* from one place to another, to take care of every thing, as He does ?

M. GOD *is every where.* He is, in all places, at all times.

R. Mother, it is very difficult for me, to understand what you mean.

M. Robert, there are a great many things which we believe, and which we still find it very difficult to understand.—Is not your spirit something very different from your body, and wholly unlike your body ?

R. Yes, mother ; I seem to understand that pretty well.

M. Where is your spirit, or soul ?

R. Somewhere inside of my body, and it seems to me, as if it was in my head ; for

when I think hard, I seem *to feel the thinking in my head.*

M. How much room does your spirit take, in your head?

R. I do not know, mother, does it take any room at all?

M. If it is inside of your head, Robert, it would seem as if it must have *a place* there, if it is ever so small a place, and so take up *some room.* If your spirit takes up some room in your head, it would seem as if it must have some *length,* and some *breadth.* And, if your spirit has length and breadth, it is like *a pebble,* in one thing, for a pebble has length and breadth; and, if your spirit is like a pebble, *it is like matter.*

R. Well, mother, I see what a strange thing my spirit is. It must be inside of my

head. And yet, as my spirit is not like matter at all, it is inside of my head, *I cannot tell how.*

M. My son, if *your spirit* is so strange a thing, and if there are some things about it, which it is so difficult to understand, only think how much *more difficult* it must be, to understand many things about God, The Great Spirit.

The Book which He has given us, teaches us a great many things about Him, which we never should have learned in any other way. It is very kind in God, thus to teach us about Himself; and *we must believe all that he teaches us, although we can understand but little about it, and although some things may be hard to be understood.*

R. I find as I grow older, that I begin

to understand some things, a great deal better than I once did, mother. I used to believe them, because *you told me so*, and I knew you always told me the truth. I could not think once, how it was, that a piece of iron could make a needle come to it, when the needle was some way off, and the iron did not touch it.

You told me about it, but it almost seemed to me, as if it could not be so, it was so difficult to understand *how* it could be so.

M. But when I showed you the piece of iron, (*or magnet,*) then you found out, that what I said was true.

R. Yes, mother, but though I saw the needle move to the magnet, with my own eyes, still I could not understand how it was

done, and I do not know *now*. Do you know, mother?

M. No, my son, I do not. And there are a thousand things which I see, and know to be true, but which are very difficult to be understood.

God made all these things, and we must not wonder, then, if there are a great many things *about Him*, difficult to be understood.

R. Does He tell us, mother, in His Book, that He is in all places?

M. He does, my son. If He had a body, He would not be in all places, at the same time. He would have to move about from place to place, just as we do. But *He has no body. He is nothing but Spirit.* And there is some way, which we cannot understand or explain, in which He is in all places,

and sees all things, and knows every body that has ever lived, or will ever live, and every thing that has ever happened, or will ever happen.

R. Mother, does God know *every single word*, that you have ever said?

M. Yes, my son, and every thing that I have ever thought, or felt, or done. *He knows all that you have ever thought, or felt, or said, or done*, and all that every body that is in the world, has thought, or felt, or said, or done. *There is not any thing which God does not know.*

R. Does God know, mother, every thing that is in all the books in your library?

M. Yes, my son, and every thing that is in all the books, in the world. *God never has to learn any thing.* He does not have

to wait, as you must, to see a thing happen, before He knows it. He knows, whether it will rain to-morrow or not. He knows the very day, and hour, and minute, when you will die. He knows all the people that will live in the world, a hundred years hence, and a thousand years hence, and all their names, and all that they will do, and all that will happen to them.

R. Mother, *how little I know!*

M. Yes, my son, we are like little infants, or like the worms that crawl on the ground, when we think of God, and how great He is, and how much He knows. We should be very glad, and very willing, to have Him teach us out of *the Book* which He has given us, and be thankful that we can understand even a little of what is in it.

But it is time for you to go to bed. The moon shines so bright, you will not need a candle. Good night.

R. Good night, mother.

DIALOGUE IV.

The next morning was a delightful one. The sun shone bright, and clear, over the eastern hills. The air smelled sweet. Many happy birds were singing in the trees, and Robert, as he walked abroad with his mother, thought of the goodness of GOD, and admired the things which He had made.

Robert. You told me mother, last evening, that *God is as good as he is great.* Will you please to tell me now about *His greatness?* For I wish to know more and more of God.

Mother. That I am glad to do, my son, but you will have, again, to be very attentive; for I must explain to you a good many things, before you can understand even a little about the *power of God.*

What is *power?*

M. That is the very thing that I was going first to explain to you. Look at that large stone. Do you think, you can lift it up from the ground, and toss it over yonder fence?

R. I am afraid, I cannot, but I will try.



(Robert takes the stone in his hands, and carries it to the fence, and tosses it over the fence, into the field.)

M. Well, you have done it, but it was heavy, was it not?

R. Yes, mother, but I determined, I would toss it over the fence, if I could; and I held it as tight as I could, with my hands; and I strained my arms, and stood up straight, and tossed it *with all my might*, and over it went. I should not like to try to do it again, for it has hurt my arms a little.

M. Take up that small pebble, and throw it over the fence.

R. There it goes, mother, I could have thrown it ten times as far.

M. When you threw the pebble, did you have to strain your arm any?

R. No, mother, hardly at all. I just raised my arm, and made it go forward, and opened my fingers, and away the pebble flew.

M. Raise your hand to your head.

R. There it goes.

M. Did you strain your arm any, then?

R. No, mother, not at all. I only *thought that my hand should go to my head*, and my whole arm moved, and my hand went to my head directly.

M. When you carried the large stone, and tossed it over the fence, you felt strong,—*you felt that you could do it again*, if you should try,—did you not?

R. Yes, mother.

M. *You feel now, that you could do it again*, do you not?

R. I do.

M. You feel, then, that you are able to lift, and carry, and toss over the fence, *any other stone*, as heavy as that one.

R. Yes, mother, and I think, if I should try very hard, I should be able to toss one over that is a little heavier.

M. Your being *able to do so*, we call *power*. Have *I* power to toss a stone as heavy as the one you did, over the fence?

R. Oh! yes, mother, you have power to toss one over, five times as heavy.

M. Then I have five times as much power as you have, to toss heavy stones over the fence.

R. Yes, mother, and I think, uncle John, who is a man, and a good deal stronger than you are, has twenty times as much power as you have to lift, and carry

stones, and toss them over the fence. I guess, he could lift that large rock from the ground; but I do not think, he would have power to toss it over the fence.

M. Robert, when did you use the *most power*,—when you tossed the large stone over the fence, or when you threw the small pebble?

R. When I tossed the large stone. If I had used as much power, when I threw the small pebble, it would have gone almost out of sight.

M. Not quite, Robert, but it would have gone a great deal farther than it did.

Did you use *any power*, when you raised your hand to your head?

R. I think, I did, a little. I felt a little as I did, when I was tossing the stone, and *throwing* the pebble.

M. Can you tell me, my son, some *other things* that you have *power to do?*

R. I have power to walk, and run, and jump; and to open my eyes and shut them; and to speak; and to look at things; and to take a great many different things into my hands, and do something with them.

M. If I should tie your feet with a string, Robert, would you have any power to run?

R. No, mother; but I should have power to take my knife out of my pocket, and cut the string in two, and run away.

M. Suppose I should command you not to do so, and go away and leave you alone; would you have power, then, to cut the string and run away?

R. Yes, mother, *I should have power to*

do it; but I should not *wish* to do it, because I should be a naughty boy, to disobey you.

M. Robert, if you would have power to cut the string and disobey me, then you would have *power to be a naughty boy.*

R. Oh! yes, *I feel that power,* sometimes, mother, when I do not like, what you tell me to do; or when I wish to do, what you tell me I must not do.

M. *You have power, then, to do wrong, and you have power to do right.*

R. Yes, mother, I am sure of that; or else, you ought not to punish me when I do wrong, or reward me when I do right.

M. Has your dog Tray *any power* to carry a stone?

R. He can carry one in his mouth.

M. What other things has he power to do?

R. He can walk, and run, and jump, and do a great many things just as I do.

M. Then he has *one kind* of power like yours.

But has Tray any power like yours, to do what is right, or what is wrong?

R. He has not. *He cannot have, because he does not know what is right, or what is wrong.*

M. Then you have, my son, a kind of power which beasts and birds, and such other animals, have not.

If you have power to do what is right, or what is wrong, *be careful how you use this power.* God sees you at all times, and He knows whenever you use this power to do

wrong, and He is displeased with every body that does wrong.

R. I will try, mother, indeed I will, to do right at all times. Will God love me then ?

M. Yes, my son, for He loves all good people, and He will *love you*, now, and as long as you live, and forever in Heaven, if you will *love and obey Him*.

R. But, mother, you have not told me any thing yet about *the power of God*.

M. You cannot understand any thing, at all, about *the power of God*, until you first understand something about *your own power*. That is the reason why I have been explaining it to you.

But we have got nearly home, and we must talk together again about *the power of*

God, some time to day, when it is convenient. We will go now and get some breakfast.

R. I feel pretty hungry, mother, after our long walk. I shall eat a good, large bowl of bread and milk.

DIALOGUE V.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Stanhope heard Robert read, and say his lessons, in the summer-house, in the garden. After he was done, he said, he did not wish to go and play, but that he would rather stay and talk with his mother again about the power

of God. She said, she would do so, for a little while; and Robert, sitting by her side, and looking very attentively at her, was happy indeed to learn something more of that good and great Being, our Father who is in Heaven.

Mother. Can you tell me, Robert, what *power* is?

Robert. Uncle John has a great deal *more power* than I have.

M. What do you mean by that?

R. I mean, that he is able to do a great many things that I am not able to do.

He has power to split a hard log of wood with an axe, and I have not. But I have power to do a good many things. You

remember, I told you about them, this morning, mother.

M. Yes, my son, and as you grow older, you will have *more power*, and will be able to do a great many things which you cannot do now.

R. Do you remember, mother, that you told me once about a very strong man, called Samson, who pulled a great house down, and killed a great many people who were in it?

M. Yes, my son, he was the strongest man that ever lived.

R. He must have had a great deal of power.

M. God, my son, has such great power, that *He can do all things.*

R. Could God pull the sun down, mother?

M. If God should *only think*, to have the sun fall down, it would fall down just as quick as your hand went to your head, when *you thought*, to have it go.

R. Would it be as easy for God, to think to have the sun fall down, as it is for me, to think to have my hand go to my head?

M. Yes; if God *should think*, to have the sun, and moon, and stars, and the world, and all the people, and animals, and things, that are in it, destroyed, they would be destroyed, *just as easily and as soon*, as you can destroy a piece of paper, by throwing it into the fire.

R. Oh! mother, I hope God will not do so.

M. God is as good, my son, as He is

powerful. He always does what is right, and what is for the best good of all who love and obey him.

R. You said mother, that God can *do all things*. Can He make any thing that He chooses to make? Could He make *a new sun?*

M. Yes, and a million if he chose, and a million of new moons, and worlds, and stars.

R. Mother, how did God make the sun?

M. *How* did you make your little box, the other day?

R. I made it out of paper.

M. *What* did you use, to make it?

R. I used your scissors.

M. And did you use *nothing else?*

R. I used my fingers, to be sure. I cannot make any thing without using *my hands*.

M. God took *nothing out of which* to make the sun; and he used *nothing with which* to make it.

R. I know, you have told me, that God has no body. Then He has no hands; but if he has no *hands*, I do not see, how He can make any thing.

M. When you *think*, to have your hand move to your head, it goes there. When God *thinks*, to have any thing made, it is made. When there were no sun, nor moon, nor stars, God said "Let there be light," and there was light.

R. How could He speak, mother, if He has *no mouth?*

M. If you could say *one word*, and immediately make a large tree spring up out of the ground, would you not think, that *you had great* power?

R. Yes, mother, I should have more power than any body I know; I should have *power a good deal like God's.*

M. You would so, Robert. Well, when we wish to talk of the great power of God, we say, *He spoke and it was done.* We mean, by this, that it is as easy for Him, to *think*, and to have a thing immediately done, as it is, for you or me, to speak.

The magnet has power *to draw* the needle. But we cannot tell what this power is. We say, *it draws the needle.* But we do not mean, that it takes hold of the needle, as you do, when you take hold of any thing, to draw it to you, but only, that its power is *something like this.*

So when we say, that God spoke and it was done, we mean that His power is some-

thing like what your power would be, if you could, *by a word*, make a new, full grown tree spring up at once, out of the ground.

R. Oh ! how much I must learn, mother, before I can understand even a little about God.

M. Yes, my son, we do indeed know, and understand, but little of the power of God.

God made all beings and things.

He takes care of all beings and things.

If He chose, He could destroy all beings and things, instantly.

He can do any thing that He chooses. If all the people in the world should get together, and agree to try to keep God from doing any thing, they could not. All the power of all the people in the world is like

dust, when we think of the power of God. He could destroy it, just as easily as you can blow a little dust away into the air.

No body can think, how great the power of God is.

God has all power.

God is almighty.

As God made all beings and things, and takes care of them, and does them good, *it is right that He should govern them.*

You know it is right, that I should govern you and Eliza.

R. Yes, mother, you are very kind to us, and I know, that we should do what you tell us to do.

M. God, my son knows all things. He knows *what it is right* for you to do, and *what it is best* for you to do—and what is

is right *for every body* to do, and what it is best *for every body* to do.

If I did not govern you and Eliza; if I did not tell you what to do, and what not to do, we should have a great deal of trouble in our house. And if God did *not govern* the world, and all the people and things that are in it, and all the beings and things that he has made,—there would be trouble every where,—*there would be nothing but trouble, and confusion, and unhappiness.*

God is *good*, and he knows that it is *best* that He *should govern* all beings and things. He is *almighty*, and He *will govern* all beings and things. Those who *like Him* to govern them, and love and obey Him, He will love, and make them happy, forever. But those who *do not like Him* to govern them, and

will not love and obey Him, He will not love, and make happy, forever.

R. Mother, *I begin to fear God.*

M. You should *fear to displease Him*, my son, by doing any thing which He tells you not to do, or by neglecting to do what he commands you to do.

But if you love and obey Him, you need not fear Him, for He will take good care of you, and use His great power only to do what will be for your best good.

R. How will GOD use His power towards those who *will not love and obey Him ?*

M. Do you not think, my son, that GOD will have to punish them ; as I have to punish my children, when they are naughty and do not obey me ?

R. Yes, mother, but *how* will GOD punish them ?

M. He tells us, in the Book which He has given us, that they who do not love and obey Him cannot go to Heaven, to be happy with Him forever. Heaven is so good a place,—all the people there are so good, and love God and love each other,—that wicked people cannot go there. They *could not* be happy there themselves, and they would make all the others unhappy.

R. Where will the wicked people go to, mother?

M. If they *keep on* being wicked; and will not feel sorry that they have been wicked; and tell God that they are sorry; and pray to Him to forgive them, and help them to become good;—and strive themselves *to be good and to do good*;—after they die, *their souls will go to a very un-*

happy place, called HELL, where all the people are very wicked, and do not love GOD and each other,—and where GOD has told us, in the Book which he has given us, that those who will not love and obey Him, *shall go away into everlasting punishment.*

R. Oh! I hope I shall not go there, mother. I will try to love and obey GOD; so that I may go to heaven, when I die, and be good and happy forever.

M. May GOD, indeed, take you there, my dear son! But I shall have yet to teach you a good deal more about GOD, and what you *must do* to please Him.

Let us go into the house now.

DIALOGUE VI.

Mrs. Stanhope did not think of conversing with Robert, in the evening, about God. But he wished so much to learn a little more, before he went to bed, that his mother consented, and they had the following dialogue.

Robert. I thought, as I was sitting alone, after dinner, mother, that I would ask you, how long God has lived ?

Mother. My son, do you remember your little cousin Jane ?

R. Oh ! yes, mother, I have seen her twice,—once when she was a very little in-

fant,—and again when she was about a year old.

M. Had she grown a good deal, the second time, when you saw her?

R. Yes, she had, she was much fatter, and larger, and heavier.

M. Do you think, she will keep on growing?

R. Yes, if she lives, she will keep on growing, till she gets to be a tall woman.

M. All the men and women in the world, Robert, have been little infants, and grew, and kept growing, till they grew up to be as tall as they now are.

R. I hope, mother, I shall grow to be as tall as uncle John is.

M. We cannot tell, about that, Robert. You may die, long before you grow up to be a *man*.

But you asked me, how long God has lived. I will tell you. *He* never was a little infant. He never grew. *He has always been as great, and as good, as He is now.*

R. Did He *always know* as much as He does now?

M. Yes, my son. He is very different from us. When you was a little infant, you knew hardly any thing. You began to understand a few things. You kept on learning more and more; and now you know a good many things, for such a little boy as you are.

But God never did so. His mind was never like that of a little infant. *He never had to learn*, so that he might understand different things.

He knows all things, and He has always known all things.

R. But mother, does God know what happened before He was?

M. *Nothing happened*, my son, *before God was;* for no being lived before God, and there was nothing made before God, because you know, He made all beings, and all things.

R. But *what was there before God was;* was there nothing at all, and nobody at all? Was it all empty and dark?

M. My son, *God has always lived.* There could not, then, have been any beings, or any things, *before Him.*

R. Has nobody lived as long as God has?

M. God lived before all the men and women that ever lived. He lived before this world, and the sun, and moon, and stars, were made,—long, long, long, before.

R. How long, mother, would it take me to count as many years as God has lived?

M. It is now eight o'clock. Let me see how many you can count, in one minute.

(Mrs. Stanhope looks at her watch, and Robert counts till she tells him to stop.)

R. How many did I count, mother. I counted very fast.

M. You counted just one hundred. That would make *six thousand in one hour*.

God has lived a great deal longer than six thousand years. Now, if you were to keep on counting *two hours*, it would make *twelve thousand*. But God has lived a great many years longer than that.

R. Suppose I should keep on counting, mother, *all day and all night*. Would that *make, as* many years as God has lived?

M. If you were to count so long, you would count *twenty-four hours*, and it would make, *one hundred and forty-four thousand years*. But God has lived a great deal longer than that.

Now, if you could keep on counting, *as long as you live;* and every body in the world keep on counting *as long as they live;* and you could put *it all together*, and know how many years it would make, it would only help you, *to begin to think*, how long God has lived. You would have to add *as many years again* to this, and *as many years again*, and *keep on* adding, and adding, and adding, and you would never come to the end. All this would only help you still, *to begin to think*, how long God has lived.

God never began to live. He has always

lived. No being ever helped Him to live, or takes any care of Him. *He* made all beings and things, and takes care of them. If *He* had not been, *they* never would have been.

As God never began to live, so He will never cease to live. *He will always live.* His being never had a beginning, and it will never have an end. *It is eternal.*

When you ask me, how long God has lived, I answer;

God is eternal.

R. Mother, how wonderful! I am afraid, that I shall never know much of God. *The more I think about Him, the less I seem to know.*

M. You know, my son, that your soul will never die. If you love and obey God,

you will go to Heaven, and there you will keep on knowing more and more about Him, forever.

Let us think a little, and remember what you have learned, so far, about God.

God has no body.—**God is a spirit.**

He made all beings and things; and we say,

God is our Creator.

He takes care of all beings and things; and we say,

God is our Preserver.

He governs all beings and things; and we say,

God is our Governor.

He sees and knows all beings and things, that ever have been, that are now, or that ever will be; and we say,

GOD IS OMNISCIENT.

He is in all places, at all times ; and we say,

GOD IS OMNIPRESENT.

He can do all things. He has all power; and we say,

GOD IS OMNIPOTENT, or

GOD IS ALMIGHTY.

He always was, He is, and He always will be ; and we say,

GOD IS ETERNAL.

Now, my son, you may go to bed. I have talked with you, longer than I thought I should. Take the candle. Good night.

R. Good night, mother.

DIALOGUE VII.

As Mrs. Stanhope and Robert were walking, the next morning, he said to her, "mother, how I should like to go up that high hill yonder, and look all around, and see the beautiful country. Do you think, that we could see aunt Mary's house from that hill ?" "I believe we could, my son," said Mrs. Stanhope, "and if you do not feel tired, I am willing to walk longer, and go up the hill. There is a seat, under a shady tree, on the top of it, and we can sit down there, and rest ourselves, before we come back." "Oh ! I am not tired at all," said Robert. And away he ran, and let

down the bars of a fence through which they had to pass. When they had passed through, he was careful to put up the bars again, and he and his mother ascended the hill. After they had seated themselves, Robert began.

Robert. Mother, this is a good place for you to tell me something more about God.

Mother. Why do you think so ?

R. It is so cool and pleasant. There is nothing here to disturb us. And then we can look all around, and see the many beautiful things that God has made.

M. I am glad to hear you say so, my son. Wherever we go, we see the things that God has made, and how kindly, too, He takes care of them. We see how good He is, in every pretty flower that grows,



and in every little lamb that plays so happily by the side of its mother.

R. Mother, do you not think the bees are very happy? You remember you took me to see a bee-hive once. They are always flying about among the sweet flowers, and they have a great deal of sweet honey to eat.

M. Yes, my son, they are very happy; and one reason, I think, why they are so, is, that they are so busy and industrious. If you wish to be happy, you must be *industrious* too.

R. What did God make the bees, and sheep, and so many different kinds of animals, for, mother?

M. He made them, to show us His great *power, and* skill, and goodness; and He

made a great many of them for our use and comfort. You know, that the stockings which you wear in the winter, and your clothes, too, are made from the wool that grows on the sheep's back.

R. Yes, mother, and I should be very cold if I did not wear them.

M. You would suffer a great deal, in winter, if you had not warm woollen clothes. Only think, then, how good God is, in making the wool to grow on the sheep's back, for your use and comfort.

R. And, mother, you know we sometimes eat the flesh of the sheep.

M. Yes, and God permits us to do this. He has given us a great many different kinds of beasts, and birds, and fishes *for food*. And he makes the grain grow, that

we may have bread; and all the different kinds of vegetables, and all the different kinds of fruit;—that we may eat them; and live; and be strong; and healthy; and be able to work; and be happy in doing good, and in loving and serving Him.

R. You forgot, mother, that God gives us the cow, too: so that we may have some of her sweet milk to drink.

M. I am glad you thought of it, Robert. *The pure clear water*, too, God gives us. How pleasant it is to drink it, when we are warm and thirsty. It is every where. If you dig down a little into the ground, you can find it. We want a great deal of water, every day. We want it, to wash ourselves and our clothes with; to cook with, and to drink. And God gives us a great

deal of it. If we had not plenty of water, how much we should suffer!

R. Mother, *Oh! in how very many different ways God is good to us!*

M. Yes, Robert, we could as well try to count all the little sands on the bank of that river, to see how many there are, as to try to tell all the different ways, in which God is good to us.

R. Mother, there is one way in which, I think, God is kind to *me*, but He is not kind to *you*.

M. What is that?

R. You have no kind father or mother to take care of you; but I have a mother, to take care of me. And I think God is very good to me, in giving me such a good mother. I love Him, and I love you, too, *mother*.

M. But, Robert, when I was little, like you, I had a kind mother, and father, too, to take care of me. And now, you know, *God is my Heavenly Father*, and *He* will take better care of *me*, than *I* can of *you*.

R. Would God take care of me, if you should die? But I hope you will not, mother.

M. But I *must*, my son; and as I am a good deal older than you, I shall probably die before you do. If I do, God will take kind care of you, and will be *your Heavenly Father*, as indeed, He now is. You must look up to Him for what you want, and think that *He will be better to you, even than I have been.*

R. I will try to do so, mother, but I

shall be very sorry, indeed, when you die. I shall not see you any more.

M. Oh ! yes, my son, I hope I shall meet you again in Heaven, and that we shall see your father there, and that we shall all be happy together.

R. God is so good to us in this world, mother, that I am sure, He will make us happy in Heaven.

M. He will, my son, if we love and obey Him. If we do not, we could not be happy, even if God should permit us to go to Heaven. But it is time for us to return.

So they walked down the hill, and went home.

DIALOGUE VIII.

In the evening, after tea, Mrs. Stanhope took a short walk with Robert, in the garden. They walked there till the stars began to appear. The sky was full of them. And as the weather was very warm, Mrs. Stanhope was not afraid to sit down, a little while, in the evening air. So she and Robert seated themselves in the summer-house, and talked again about the goodness of God.

Mother. I am going to explain to you, my son, *some other ways*, in which God shows you, that he is very good.

Robert. I shall be very glad to have you tell me, mother.

M. God is very good to you, my son, in giving you every thing which is necessary to keep you *in life* and *in health*, and to make you *comfortable*. But, besides all this, He gives you a great many things, to make you *more than comfortable*, to make you *enjoy a great deal*.

R. Oh ! yes, mother, how many pretty flowers God makes grow in our garden, for us to smell, and to look at !

M. Yes, Robert, and God has made thousands of beautiful flowers which *you* have never seen, and which *other people* are delighted to look at; and He has made *the world* full of beautiful things, so that, *wherever* we look, we may see something

to admire, and to show us, that *God wishes to make us happy*. Did you ever think, my son, why the grass is *green*, and not of some other colour ?

R. No, mother, only I think, if it was *red*, and all the leaves on the trees were red, they would be so bright, that it would *hurt my eyes*, to look at them.

M. That is the very reason. No other colour is so easy for our eyes to look at, a long time, as *green*. Have you not seen some persons wear *green* spectacles ?

R. I have, mother, but I do not know what it is for.

M. When they look through the green glasses, it makes *every thing look green*; and as their eyes are sore and weak, and it *hurts them to* look at any bright things, the *green glasses* help their eyes very much.

R. How many curious things you know, mother. I wish you would tell me a good many more.

M. That I shall be glad to do, Robert. And the more you learn of curious things, the more you will see of the goodness of God.

He has made your eyes, not only *to see with*, so that you may walk about and not get hurt; but he has made them *to see thousands and millions of the beautiful things* which are all around you; so that you may have a great deal of pleasure in looking at them.

R. *Every time, mother, that I feel happy in looking at any thing, I ought to think, how good God is to me!*

M. Yes, my son, and to thank Him for

his goodness, and to feel, that you ought always to love and obey Him, if he is so good to you.

In the same way, Robert, think how many *pleasant sounds*, God has made for you to hear.

R. Mother, what do you like to hear best?

M. Some kinds of music, my son; but I hardly know which kind. I am very fond of hearing the organ, and the people singing, at church.

R. So am I, mother; but there is one thing I like to hear better than that. I like to hear aunt Mary sing a little song to me that I can understand. How sweetly she sings!

M. How many sweet sounds there are

for us to hear! God might have made our ears, so that we could only hear noises, and tell one thing from another; just as you know, when I speak to you, or, when Tray barks, or, when your kitten mews.

R. Well, mother, *I do not think we can ever stop finding out something about the goodness of God!*

M. If I had time, Robert, I could explain to you, how curiously God has made your body, and all the parts of it; so that it is a very convenient and pleasant body for your soul to be in.

R. I wish you would, mother, I want to learn all about it, and especially about the parts that are *inside*. Do you not remember, you told me something about *them*, when we were talking about the lit-

tle wheels inside of your watch, that make the hands go?

M. I do; and I hope I shall be able, before a great while, to tell you about them. But when I do it, I wish to spend so much time in doing it, and to show you some pictures which I have, that you may be able to understand me well.

But I have one more thing to tell you, before we stop talking, to show you, how very, very good GOD is to you!

R. What is that, mother?

M. GOD has not only given you a very convenient and pleasant body for your soul to live in; but only think what *a strange and wonderful soul* He has made you, to live in this curious body, and *to use it, and to be good, and to do* good, that you may be *happy in this world, and* happy forever!

R. Mother, I use a good many things. I use my knife, and my bat, and my ball; but I do not exactly understand *how I use my body*.

M. You could not see, my son, or hear, or smell, or taste, or touch any thing, *if your soul was not in your body*. When the soul is not in the body, the body is dead. And when the body is dead, the eye cannot see, the ear cannot hear, the nose cannot smell, the tongue cannot taste, the hand cannot touch.

R. Yes, mother; I remember it was so, when poor William Baker died. He could not move, or do any thing at all.

M. And *you* could not move, or do any thing at all, if your soul was not in your body. *It is your soul that sees with your*

eyes; and hears with your ears; and smells with your nose; and tastes with your tongue; and touches with your hands.

What do you suppose, I wear spectacles, sometimes, for?

R. So that you can see, better.

M. Yes, and in the evening I could not see to read, at all, without them. They are like another pair of eyes to me. Now, when I take my spectacles off, and put them in the case, *can they see, tken?*

R. No, mother, it is not your spectacles that see; it is *you that see*, through them.

M. Well, Robert, if my eyes should be taken out of my head, *they* could not see, any more than the spectacles can in the case. And while my eyes are in my head,

just as when my spectacles are on, it is *I myself; the immaterial something inside of my body; the spirit; the soul; which sees things through, or with, my eyes.*

R. I never thought of that before, mother.

M. In the same way, Robert, it *is the soul that uses the body*, with all its different parts, to do a great many different things. Now, think, how good GOD is, to give you such a curious and useful body, and, then *to put in it such a strange and wonderful soul!*

R. Mother, do you not think, that my soul is a great deal more wonderful than my body?

M. I do, my son. And that is another reason, why you should love and obey

God; because he has given you such a soul.

But we will talk more about this, to-morrow. It is growing late, and the dew begins to fall a little. Let us go into the house now.

DIALOGUE IX.

The next morning, Mrs. Stanhope told Robert what God had commanded,—that we should *remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy*.

She had explained this to him before, and now he thought of it a great deal; because he had learned so much, lately, about

God, our Heavenly Father, who has given us the Sabbath, that we may have *one whole day* in the week, to keep on learning more and more of His goodness;—to read *the Book* which he has given us;—to pray to Him, and to praise Him, both at home, and at the church;—to go to Sunday School; and to find out, how we may love Him more, and serve Him better in doing good to others.

After breakfast, before they went to church, Mrs. Stanhope and Robert sat, some time, in the *library*, and talked together.

Robert. Mother, will you please, now, to tell me something more about the goodness of God, in giving me such a soul as I have?

Mother. *Your soul, my son, is much more wonderful than your body.* Your body is matter, and will die, and crumble into dust. *Your soul is not matter.* It is immaterial. *It is spirit.* It will never die. *It will live forever.*

A wicked man might *kill your body,* and cut and break it into a thousand pieces. He cannot *do so to your soul.* He cannot touch your soul, to kill it, or to hurt it.

I can tie your body so tight, that you cannot move at all. I can keep you from using your body ; from seeing, or hearing, or smelling, or tasting, or touching any thing. But I cannot bind your soul. *No man can bind your soul, and keep you from thinking and feeling.*

R. Could not God, mother?

M. Yes, my son, he made you, both body and soul. He preserves you, both body and soul. And if He chose, He could take away from your body all its life and strength, so that you could not use any part of it ; and He could take away from your soul all its power of using your body ; and all its power of thinking, and feeling, and acting. *He could make your soul die*, as well as your body.

R. Oh ! how much more powerful God is, than any man is !

M. Yes, my son, it was *His great power* that made your wonderful soul ; and it is because He is *as good as He is powerful*, that He made your soul, so that it can keep on gaining more and more knowledge, and growing better and better, and becoming

more and more happy, forever and ever, as long as God himself lives ; that is *throughout all eternity*.

R. Mother, I wish very much to learn, how I must do all that.

M. My son, I am trying to teach you as fast as I can. One way is, to think what a wonderful soul God has given you. It is very different from that something inside of beasts which thinks and feels.

You cannot teach *them* any thing about God, or what is right or wrong. How different you are from them, Robert. It is your kind, Heavenly Father who has made you to differ. Beasts do not know any thing about Him, and therefore they cannot love Him. You know a great deal about

Him, and *the more you learn about Him, the more and more you should love Him.*

R. You told me, mother, that my body has a great many curious parts inside of it. Has my soul parts, too?

M. No, my son. Remember your soul is *wholly unlike your body.* It is not matter. You cannot touch your soul. You cannot divide it. *It has no parts.*

Your soul does a great many different things, Robert. And when we wish to speak of the different things which it does, we have to use different words.

Sometimes you have one kind of feeling, and you say, *you are happy.*

Sometimes, you have a different kind of feeling, and you say, *you are unhappy.*

Sometimes, you love me, and are glad to

do what I tell you to do, and I call you, *a good boy.*

Sometimes you have been obstinate, and have not done as I have told you to do, and I have called you, *a naughty boy.*

Sometimes, you feel, as if you wished to make Eliza happy, and you try to make her so ; and I tell you, that is right, and, that you should always, *be kind to her.*

One day, she took your ball away, and ran off with it, and you ran after her, and was going to strike her. You did not feel kind to her. You felt very differently, and I told you that it was very wrong for you *to be angry.*

Sometimes, you think what you did the day before, and can tell me all about it, and you say, *you remember it.*

Sometimes, you cannot think what a little boy's, or girl's, name is, and you say *you forget it.*

Sometimes, after you have said your lesson, and I tell you that you may go and play, you think a little, and you feel as if you wished to draw your little wagon, and *you think all at once, to go and do it*, and you say, *I will go.*

One day, Eliza asked you, to go and build a little house for her. But you did not wish todo it. *You thought not to do it*, and you said, *I will not go.*

Now, when you are happy or sorry, good or naughty, kind or angry; when you remember, or forget, or will; it is *your soul feeling so*, or *thinking so*, or *acting so.* It is *not one part* of your soul which thinks, and

another part which feels, and *another part* which acts. For your soul has no parts. It is one and the same soul, which cannot be divided into parts; it is your *one*, *same self*, thinking, or feeling, or acting. Do you understand me?

R. I think I do, mother, pretty well. But, I suppose, I cân think, and feel, and act, a great many, other, different ways, besides those which you have told me about.

M. Yes, my son, and we have a great many, *other*, *different names* to use, when we talk about the soul, thinking, and feeling, and acting, in these other, different ways. But I shall have to tell you about them, some other time. I have told you enough about them now, to lead you to think, how good God is, in giving you such a wonderful soul!

R. Yes, mother, and the more I keep on learning about it, the more I wonder. When I die, and my soul goes out of my body, shall I think, and feel, and act, as I do now?

M. I suppose, you will think, and feel, and act, very differently from what you do now, my son. But it is very difficult to think, *how you will do it.* I cannot explain it to you. God, who made both your soul and body, and who put your soul into your body, knows how your soul, after it leaves the body, will live, and think, and feel, and act. He will give your soul power to do this. But He has not told us, how He will give your soul this power.

But God has told us, *in the Book which He has given us*, that your soul will live, after

the body is dead; that it will live, and think, and feel, and act; that *it will live forever.*

If you love and obey God, and do what He has told you to do in His Book, your soul will go to Heaven, after your body is dead; and there you will see, and learn, and know, oh! I cannot tell you, how many good, and useful things. You will learn them easily and quickly. You will have a great many things explained to you which you *do not*, and which *you cannot*, understand now. You will keep on learning, and knowing, more and more of God, and of all the wonderful things which He has done, and will be doing. In some way or other, *He will show himself to you.*

R. Mother, *shall I see God?*

M. Yes, my son, if you go to Heaven,

you will see your Heavenly Father. But *how* you will see Him, I cannot think. I believe that you will, because GOD himself tells me so. And in Heaven, you will not only be learning and knowing more and more; but you will not have any wrong thoughts or feelings, or wish to do any wrong thing. You will be growing better and better, all the while. You will have no pain, or aches, or sickness. You will never feel sorry. Nothing will give you any trouble. You will be very happy. You will be growing happier and happier, all the while. *Every one in Heaven, too, will be just like you, growing more wise, and good, and happy; loving and serving God, more and more; and all loving each other, and trying to make each other happy.*

Sometimes, when you have good things here, you think that they will not last long, and that makes you feel sorry. But in Heaven, you will not feel so. You will know, and be sure, for God has promised it, that *all your good things will last, and will never be taken from you.*

Is not Heaven a very beautiful, and wonderful, and happy place? Is not God very good, indeed, to prepare such a place for you? Is He not very good, to give you a soul which can learn about Him and about this beautiful place; and which can go there, and be happy with Him forever?

Oh! think, my son, of this wonderful soul which your Heavenly Father has given you! Thank Him, for giving it to you, and for all His other goodness towards you!

Seek to know more of Him, and of what He wishes to have you do! Be careful not to displease Him! Love Him with all your heart! Learn to read, and to understand, the Book which He has given to you!

Remember, that, before a great while, *you must certainly die!* Perhaps you may die soon! Get ready to die! Strive, to get ready, when you do die, to go to Heaven! There you will see, and admire, and love, the goodness of God, forever.

Mrs. Stanhope and Robert now went out of the library, and got ready to go to church. Robert said nothing. He thought and he felt, a great deal. He thought of *the wonderful* goodness of God. He felt,

as if he wished very much to be a good boy, so that he might go to Heaven when he died.

DIALOGUE X.

After they came from church, in the afternoon, Robert, who had been thinking a good deal, all day, about what his mother had been teaching him, asked her, to go into the library, and have some more conversation with him about *the goodness of God.* She said, she would, because he had behaved so well at church. And she took hold of his hand, and they went into the library, and sat down by the window, which

was open, so that they could feel the cool breeze, and look out, and see their beautiful garden.

Mother. I have told you, Robert, a great many different ways in which GOD is very good *to you.* But He is good, *not to you only*, but to thousands and millions of other beings. He delights in doing good.

Robert. He has such great power, mother, that He can do a great deal of good.

M. Yes, my son, and *He is continually doing good.* Only think how many birds, and beasts, and fishes, and insects, He has made ; and is, all the while, taking care of ; and giving them, life, and food, and a great many things, to make them happy.

R. But, mother, they are not as happy as we are.

M. That is true, my son, they are happy in a very different way from what we are. They are principally happy in their bodies. We, too, can be happy in our bodies, but *we can be a great deal happier in our souls.*

They have, however, a good deal of enjoyment. And when we think, how many millions and millions of them there are; almost all of them well and strong; and having enough to eat and drink; and bounding through the woods, and roaming among the flowers, and playing in the fields, and flying through the air, and sporting in the water; free from almost every care and trouble; and not afraid of death, because they do not know, that they shall die; we

may well think, that they have a good deal of enjoyment; and we can see, in them, how God delights in doing good.

But when we think of men, and women, and children, like ourselves, who have souls as we have, and who are able, as we are, to keep on learning, and able to become good and happy; when we think, how many people there are now, and how many have lived, in the world, before us; and that God made them all, their bodies and their souls; and that He has taken care of them all; and that He wishes them all to be good and happy; and to live with Him, and be happy forever, in Heaven; *how great, how wonderful, is His goodness!* We cannot think, how great and how wonderful it is, any more than we can understand, how *great, and how* wonderful, God himself is!

R. Mother, I think, I feel thankful to God, for being so good, to you and to Eliza.

M. And, why, my son, do you feel thankful to God, for being so good, *only to me and to Eliza?* Are you not glad, that He is good, also, to your uncle John, and to your aunt Mary; and to all the little boys and girls, that you know; and to them, too, that you do not know; and *to all the people in the world?*

Did God make the sun and moon and stars, to give light to *you alone;* or the air for *you alone*, to breathe; or other good things, to make *you alone* comfortable and happy? Other boys, and girls, and people, wish to be happy, as well as you or I. God loves them as well as He does you or me.

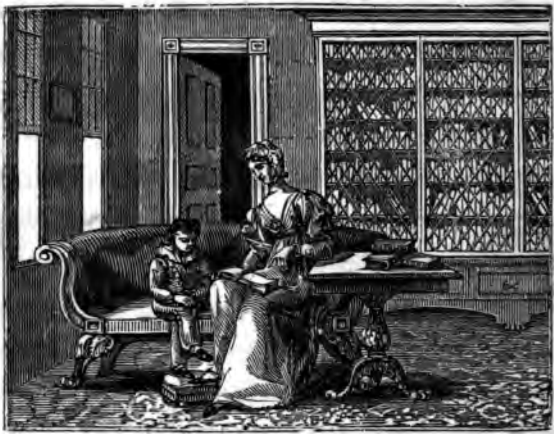
He loves them *more*, if they are better than you or I. He made Heaven as well for them, as for you or me. *You must learn to feel glad, that others are happy as well as yourself. You must learn, how to make others happy, and, so, be like God.*

In Heaven all feel so, and all do so. If you do not learn to feel so, and to do so, you cannot go to Heaven.

R. Mother, I am afraid, I have thought a great deal too much, how I might be happy myself, and a great deal too little, how I might make others so.

M. Well, my son, I am glad that you begin to understand this. *You must strive to be like God, and do all you can, to make others happy.*

H



I wish you to be very attentive to me, now, while I tell you one other way, in which God has been very kind to you.

R. I will, mother, what is it?

M. Do you see this Book?—(Mrs. Stanhope takes a Book from the table, and lays it in her lap, and opens it.)

R. I do, mother.

M. This Book we call *the Bible*. It is *the Book of God*, which He has given us; and in which He teaches us about Himself, and what He would have us to do, that we may be happy here, and happy forever.

R. Did He write it, mother?

M. He told several, very good men to write it. They wrote it, a great many years ago. They wrote it, at different times. *Some wrote* one part, and some, another

If God had not told them *what* to write, they would not have known what to write. He told them a great many things which nobody ever thought of before. He kept them from making any mistakes. He told them to write things about Himself, and about our souls, and about Heaven, and about Hell, which nobody could ever have found out, if God had not told those good men to write the Bible.

God has told us in the Bible, all that it is necessary for us to know, so that we may understand what *we must do* to avoid going to Hell, and to be prepared to go to Heaven, when we die.

R. Oh! mother, how good God is, to *give us the Bible*!

M. Yes, my son. And the more you

learn what is in it, the more you will know of God, and *of yourself*, too. And, if you love the Bible, and do what it teaches you to do, you will find it *the best of all Books.* It will become very, very dear to you. It will seem to you, as it is, a *kind letter* from your Father who is in Heaven. He will seem to speak to you in every page. *He will seem to be near you ;* to instruct you ; to guide you ; to advise you ; to help you. If I should die, and all your friends should die ; and you should be left alone, and be poor, and know not what to do, go to this Book, and believe that, in it, you will hear your Heavenly Father speaking to you. *He will be near to you, to guide you, and to help you.*

And you must *ask* Him, to guide, and to

help you. *Tell Him all your troubles. Tell Him all your wants.* Feel truly sorry, that you have ever done wrong. Tell God, that you feel sorry. Ask Him to forgive you; and to teach you, and to help you, to feel right, and to do right; and to keep you from feeling wrong, and doing wrong. This is what we call praying to God. *Pray to Him, my son, daily,* If you pray to Him *from your heart,* He has promised, that He will hear your prayers, and do what is for your best good.

The bell now rang for tea, and Mrs. Stanhope and Robert ended their conversation.

DIALOGUE XI.

Mrs. Stanhope and Robert rose early on Monday morning, and set out, before sunrise, to take a long walk. They went along the bank of a small river, not far from their house. It was the same river which they saw, from the top of the hill where they sat down and had a conversation, on Saturday morning, when Mrs. Stanhope said to Robert, that they might as well try to count all the little sands on its bank, to see how many there were, as to try to tell all the different ways in which God is good to us. It was a beautiful stream of clear water,

and on one side of it, was a row of willow trees, in which the birds were singing. Now and then, a little fish would jump quite out of the water, and show his beautiful body of many bright colours. It was a fine morning, and Mrs. Stanhope and Robert thought once more of the goodness of God, in giving them so many pleasant things to make them happy, and they talked about Him, as they walked along.

Mother. Robert, I have taught you some things about God, which I hope you will remember, and which will do you good. I have told you, a great deal, of His love towards you, and towards others, and how much He has done, to make you and them *happy*.

Robert. I thank you very much, my dear mother, for doing this, and I hope I shall never forget it.

M. Now, I have something more to tell you about God, which it is very important for you to know. He is not only full of love and kindness, and delights in doing good, but remember, also, that God is Holy.

R. That is the word, mother, which I saw on the back of the Bible. It is called, *The Holy Bible.* What does *Holy* mean?

M. I will try to explain it to you.

Suppose the Bible and a great many other books were lying on the table, in the library; and you and I were standing near it, and you did not know any thing about the Bible.

You take it in your hands, and begin to turn over the leaves, and to look at the pictures in it, and, pretty soon, to play with it.

I say to you, "Robert, you must not play with that Book. You may amuse yourself, and play with the other books if you do not hurt them; but you must *never* play with that Book. It is *the Book of God*, which He has given us, to teach us about Himself. *It is very different from all the other books in the world.* It is the best of all books. You must not treat it as you do other books. You must not play with it, or laugh about it. When you take it, you must think what a good Book it is, and that God speaks to you in it. When you read it, you should read it attentively, and seriously, and pray *to God*, to enable you to understand it. *You should* always think of it, and speak

of it, and read it, and use it, in a very different way from what you do *all other books.*

The Bible is GOD'S BOOK. THE BIBLE IS A HOLY BOOK.

R. Mother, I hope I shall always remember this, and treat the Bible as a Holy Book. And I will tell sister Eliza to do so too.

M. In the same way, my son, we call a church, *a Holy place.*

It is the House of God, where we go to learn about him ; to pray to Him ; and to sing praises to Him. *A Church is very different from all other houses.* In other houses, people eat, and drink, and sleep, and work, and buy, and sell things ; but it is wrong to do so in the house of God. We should not play nor laugh there. We should

be attentive and serious; and remember what we go there for; and think that God sees us, and that we are in *His House.* It is very different from *all other houses.* *The church is a Holy place.*

So, God has commanded us, to remember the Sabbath day, *to keep it Holy.*

It is God's Day, on which He has told us, we must not work, nor do as we do on other days. *It is very different from Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday.* We call them *week-days.* On those days you may play; but you should not play on the Sabbath. When the Sabbath comes, you should be quiet, and think much of God, *and pray to* Him, and read the Bible, and *go to Church*, and go to Sunday-School,

and try to learn about GOD, and how you may love Him more, and serve Him better. The Sabbath is GOD'S DAY. It is very different from *the other days. The Sabbath is Holy.*

We call Heaven, too, *a Holy place.* It is that beautiful and happy place, where GOD and all good people live. *It is very different from all other places.* In other places there are pain, and trouble, and sorrow, and death, and wickedness ; but in Heaven, there are none of these things. All there is pleasant, and bright, and cheerful, and happy. Every body, there, is kind to every body else. Each one tries to make all the others happy. Nobody there is wicked at all. Every body is good. *There*

is no other place like Heaven. It is the place where God is. Heaven is a Holy place.

R. Oh! mother, I wish I could see Heaven and all that is in it!

M. You should wish to go there, my son, because it is a *Holy place*, and there is nothing wrong or wicked there. I hope you will, indeed, be a good boy, and love and obey GOD, and then you will see Heaven, and all that is in it, and be good and happy there, forever.

Mrs. Stanhope and Robert were now returning, and very near their home. They soon ended their walk, and went into the house.

DIALOGUE XII.

After Robert had said his lessons, in the afternoon, and played in the yard, a little while, he came to his mother, and asked her, to go with him into the garden. Mrs. Stanhope consented. She walked in the garden, and picked some flowers, and Robert ran about, some time, trying to catch his little rabbit, which had got out of the box. He caught it, at last; and then his mother and he took a seat in the summer-house, and talked together.

Mother. Should you like to have me teach you something more about God, my *son?*

Robert. I should, indeed, mother. But where have you learned, all that you are teaching me about God?

M. *In the Bible*, my son. Do you not remember, I told you, that if God had not given us the Bible, we should have known very little about Him. *Almost every thing that we know about God, we learn from the Bible.*

I told you this morning, that the Bible is a Holy Book; that the Church is a Holy place; that the Sabbath is a Holy day; and that Heaven is a Holy place.

God, too, my son, is a Holy Being. *He is very, very different from all other beings.* He is different from them, especially in this, that *He is so good.*

Men, and women, and children, have

wicked thoughts. You know, Robert, that you sometimes think *how you will do something wrong.* You thought so, when you tried to open the lock, the day that I shut you up in the chamber, for being a naughty boy, and told you, to sit still on the chair till I came and let you out. You had wrong thoughts, when you tried, one day, to find some way to get up to the top shelf in the closet, after an orange which I put there, and told you not to touch it.

Both these times, you had wrong and disobedient thoughts towards me.

Some people have a great many wicked thoughts. They think about the bad things which they have done, and think of them with pleasure, too. They think about bad things which they intend to do, and of the

way in which they can do them. They do not try to get these thoughts out of their minds. They love to have them there.

But *God never had one wrong, or wicked, thought, or one wrong, or wicked, feeling.*

God has never said one wrong, or wicked, thing. All that He has told us, in the Bible,—all that He teaches us to think, to feel, and to do,—is, *like Himself*, good and right, as good and right as it can be.

God never did one wrong, or wicked, thing. Men do a great many things which they know to be wrong; and which makes them feel that they are wicked; and which makes them feel ashamed; and afraid of being punished. God never did so. He never did so, *ever so little.* He never thought, *ever so little*, of doing so. He never wished, *ever so little*, to do so.

God is displeased with every thing that is wrong, or wicked. He dislikes it. He hates it. He cannot love you, when you have wrong or wicked, thoughts, or feelings ; or when you say bad words ; or do wrong, or wicked, things.

God will, forever, keep every wrong and wicked thing out of Heaven. He is so good a Being ; Heaven is so good a place ; and all the people there are so much like God, always thinking, and feeling, and saying, and doing, nothing but what is right and good ; that He will always take care to let nothing wrong or wicked get into Heaven. For, if it should, it would make all the good people there very unhappy.

You see, my son, how very, very good a Being God is. There *cannot be* any thing

wrong, or wicked, in Him,—in what He thinks, or feels, or says, or does. GOD IS HOLY. GOD IS THE HOLIEST OF ALL BEINGS. GOD IS PERFECTLY HOLY.

R. Mother, I am afraid I shall never go to Heaven.

M. Why, my son?

R. Heaven is such a holy place, and GOD is such a holy Being, and *I am not holy*. I have had a great many wrong and wicked thoughts, and feelings; and I have said, and done, a great many wrong and wicked things. *I am still not holy*, and I am afraid, I shall never be so.

M. My son, you must feel truly sorry, in your heart, that you have been wicked, and that you are still so. Tell GOD, **from** ***your heart***, that you are sorry. Ask **Him**,

every day, to forgive you, and to enable you not to have any more wrong, or wicked, thoughts and feelings; or to say and do any more wrong, or wicked, things. And *do you try yourself*, to be a good boy, and to love and obey God, and to love and obey me.

If you do so, God will hear your prayers. He will help you, more and more, to be a good boy; and *to become holy*; and to get ready to go to Heaven.

When I begin to teach you, too, other things, out of the Bible, you will find that there is in it, *some good news*, that you will be very glad to hear. It will tell you of *a way* to get to Heaven, which will show you, more than any thing else, the wonderful goodness of God.

R. What is that good news? Oh! do tell it to me, now, mother.

M. I will, before long, my son. Do not forget what I have already taught you. Think much of God and of His goodness. Love Him, because He is so good and holy. Obey Him in all things. Fear to displease Him. Remember, He sees you, at all times.

Remember, too, my dear son, that God has told us, in His own Book,—that He certainly will never admit into Heaven, *those who will not feel sorry, that they have been wicked; who will not cease to be wicked; who will not love and obey Him.*

I have told you where they must go. Oh! my son, go not with them in their *wickedness in this* world, that you may not go

with them to that dreadful place of punishment and suffering, in the world to come.

Mrs. Stanhope and Robert now left the garden, and went into the house. Robert looked thoughtful and serious, all that evening. He thought a great deal about getting ready to die, and go to Heaven. Before he went to bed, he prayed to God, alone in his chamber, as his mother advised him to do.

He hoped, God would enable him to be a good boy. He remembered a good many ways, in which he had thought, and felt, and said, and done, what he ought not to. He determined, that he would try to do so no more. He was very glad, too, to think, that before a great while, he should hear

about that *good news*, in the Bible, which his mother had promised to tell him.

He began to think, that the Bible was indeed a wonderful and precious book. He thought, he would ask his mother to give him a Bible, that he might have it *for his own*; and learn to read, and to understand it: and that he might always keep near him, both when he was at home, or when he should go away any where, *this kind letter from his Heavenly Father.*

QUESTIONS ON THE DIALOGUES.

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE I.

Are you afraid to die? Why *not?* or,

Why are you afraid to die?

Do you wish to know what you *must do*, so that you need not be afraid to die?

If you should die, *who* would take care of your soul?

Where do we read, and learn, about our Father who is in Heaven, and what we must do to please Him?

Where does He live, and where shall *we go*, if we do what He tells us to do?

What has God given us, to teach us about Himself?

Who are *those* that need not fear to die?

Who will always take care of them, and where will their souls go, as soon as their body is dead?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE II.

Can we expect to know a great deal about God? Why not?

Do you sometimes find it difficult, to understand what your parents say and do? Why?

Shall we *ever* know more about God than we do now?

Is God like *us?*

Has God a body? Who is God?

What has God *made*, and what does He *do?*

What is *matter?* What is *spirit?*

Is your soul like your body?

What is your body? *What* is your soul?

Does the spirit act like the body?

Can you shut your eyes, and see things?

How do you see them? You do not see them with the eyes of the body.

What do we mean, when we say, that the spirit has eyes?

When you shut your eyes, can you think exactly how things look?

Tell me, now, of *different things* that you can think of, how they look.

Can you think, now, of a great many persons and things that you have seen, a great while ago?

How did you see them *before?*

How do you see them *now?*

How does God see all beings and things?

Has God always seen you?

Does He always see you?

Whom does God not love?

What should you fear? Why?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE III.

Of *what* does GOD take care?

Does GOD go from one place to another, when he takes care of people and things?

Where is God?

Where is your spirit, or soul?

How much room does your spirit take?

If it takes up any room, what must it be like?

Can you tell, how your spirit is inside of your head?

Is it easy for you to understand every thing about your own spirit?

Can we expect to understand a great deal about GOD, the Great Spirit? Why not?

Where do we learn almost all that we know about God?

Suppose we find some things in the Book which GOD has given us, hard to be understood, what must we do?

Are there any things which you believed, when you was a little child, because your parents told you so, and which you have since found to be true? Tell me some *such things.*

Do you not see, and believe many things, to be true, although you cannot understand, or explain, *how* they are?

Tell me some *such things.*

Ought we to believe every thing that GOD tells us? Why?

If GOD had a body, could He be in all places?

Can we explain, *how* it is that GOD is in all places?

Can you explain how it is, that your soul, if it is not matter, is inside of you?

What does GOD know about you?

What does GOD know about every body?

What does GOD know about every thing?

How does GOD get his knowledge? Does He have to learn?

Does GOD know what *has* happened?

Does GOD know what *will* happen?

How much do you know?

How should we feel towards GOD, if He is willing to teach us?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE IV.

What heavy thing can you lift, and carry, and throw?

What light thing can you throw?

Raise your hand to your head.

Do you feel, that you are able to lift, and carry, and throw *some heavy thing?*

What do we call your *being able* to do so?

Have *I* more power than *you*? Why?

Has any person more power than *I* have?

Do you use more power at one time, than at another?

Did you use any power, when you raised your arm to your head?

What things have you power to do?

If I should blindfold you, would you have power to see?

If I should blindfold you, and tell you, not to take the handkerchief off, would you have power to do it?

Have you power, to disobey your parents?

Have you power to do what is right, or what is wrong, just as you choose?

Would it be right for your parents to punish you for *not flying?* Why not?

Would it be right for your parents to punish you for not going on an errand, if they should tell you to go? Why?

Would it be right for your parents to punish you for not teaching your little brother or sister, *to understand how to make a watch?* Why not?

Would it be right for your parents to punish you for not being kind to your little brother and sister? Why?

Would it be right for your parents to reward you for dreaming a beautiful dream? Why not?

Would it be right for your parents to reward you for learning a good lesson? Why?

Do you feel that you are naughty, because you do not know, how to swim under water, as a fish does?

Should you feel that you was naughty, if you did not know your letters?

Why do you feel unhappy, when you do wrong?

Have *beasts* any power like your's?

Have beasts power to do what is right, or what is wrong? Why not?

How should you use your power to do what is right and what is wrong?

Whom does God love?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE V.

Can you tell me, what *power* is?

How much power has God?

Would it be difficult, for God to destroy all things?

Can God make any thing He chooses?

Out of what did God make the sun?

What did God use to make the sun?

If God has *no hands*, how can he make any thing? *What does* God do first, before the thing is made?

What do we mean, when we say, that God spake, and it *was done?*

What do we mean when we say, that the magnet *has power to draw the needle ?*

Does it draw the needle, as you draw a thing to you, with your hands ?

Can we understand much of the power of God ?

What do you mean, when you say, that God is Almighty ?

Is it right that your parents should *govern you ?* Why ?

Why is it right, that God should govern *all beings and things ?*

If your *parents* were not to govern you, and the children, and the people that are in your house, what would happen ?

If *a teacher* was not to govern his scholars, what would happen ?

If the people that live in a town, were not governed, what would happen ?

If God was not to govern the beings and things which He has made, what would happen ?

Whom will God make happy ?

Whom will God not make happy ?

How should you fear God ?

If you love and obey God, how will He use His great *power towards you ?*

How will God use His great power towards those who will not love and obey Him?

Where will their souls go to, after their bodies are dead?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VI.

Were you ever smaller than you are *now?*

Have you grown much? Do you grow now?

Was God ever a little infant? Has *He* ever grown any?

Was He *ever* different from what He is *now?*

Did God ever have to learn any thing?

What happened before God was?

What was, before God was?

Has any body, or thing, lived as long as God has?

If you was to keep on counting *all your life*, could you count as many years, as God has lived?

If you could count all the sands in the world, and count as many again, and as many again, and as many again, and keep on counting, would that be as many years as God has lived?

Did God ever *begin* to live?

Who made God? *Who* takes care of God?

How long will God live?

What do you mean, when you say, that God is eternal?

What do you mean, when you say, that GOD *is our Creator?* *Our Preserver?* *Our Governor?* That GOD *is Omniscient?* *Omnipresent?* *Omnipotent?* *Almighty?* *Eternal?*

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VII.

What makes the bees happy?

If you are *idle,* will you be happy?

What did GOD make animals for?

What did GOD make the sheep for?

What has GOD given us for food?

Tell me *some animals or things* which GOD has given us, for our use and comfort.

Why is GOD very kind in giving us *water?*

Can you tell me, in how many different ways GOD is good to us? Who gave you kind *parents,* to take care of you?

Who gives you kind *friends?* Who gives you kind *teachers?* Who takes care of little children, when their parents die? Is GOD a very kind Heavenly Father *to you?*

Will He be your kind Heavenly Father, if your parents should die? Will good people meet in Heaven?

Whom will GOD make happy in Heaven?

If you do not love and obey GOD, how would you feel in *Heaven, if* GOD should permit you to go there?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VIII.

Who keeps you in life and health?

How does God keep you in life and health, and make you comfortable?

Does God give you any thing, to make you *more than comfortable?* What does God give us the flowers for?

Has God made any flowers that *you* have never seen?

What did He make them for?

Tell me *some other things* which God has made, to give you pleasure, in looking at them?

Are there many beautiful things in the world?

Why do you think, that God wishes to make us happy?

Why is the grass green?

Suppose the grass, and all the leaves, were *red?*

Why do people wear green spectacles?

When you see curious things that somebody has made, what do you think?

When you see curious things that *live and grow*, what do you think?

Why did God make your eyes?

When you feel happy at looking at any thing, what ought *you to think?* How ought you *to feel?*

What kind of sounds has God made for you to hear?

What do you like to hear best?

What *other sounds* do you like to hear?

Are *all sounds* pleasant to you, to hear?

Could God have made you to hear only *noises*, so as to tell one thing from another?

Do you know all the different ways in which God is good?

Can you ever find them all out?

Who made your body? *What* lives in your body?

What *kind* of a body have you?

Should you like to know about the many curious parts that are inside of your body?

What *kind of a soul* has God given you?

Why has God placed your soul in your body?

Does the body live, after the soul goes out of it?

When the body is dead can *the eye* see?

Can *the ear* hear? Can *the nose* smell? Can *the tongue* taste? Can *the hand* touch?

What is it that sees with your *eyes*? That hears with your *ears*? That smells with your *nose*? That tastes with your *tongue*? That touches with your *hands*?

What do people wear spectacles for?

When the spectacles are taken off, can *the spectacles* see?

If my eyes should be taken out of my head, could *they* see?

What is it, that sees through the spectacles? *What* is it that sees through my eyes? *What* is it, that uses the body, and its different parts, to do a great many things?

Which is the most wonderful, your *soul* or your *body?*

How should you feel towards God, for giving you such a soul?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE IX.

Why has God given us the Sabbath?

What is your *body?* Will it die?

What is your *soul?* Will it die? Can any body *kill* your body? Can your body be *broken into parts?*

Can any body kill or hurt your *soul?*

Can I keep your *body* from moving? Can I stop your *seeing?* Your *hearing?* What *else* can I stop your doing?

Can I stop your *thinking* and *feeling?*

Could God destroy your soul?

Why do you think, it was the great power of God which made your soul? Why do you think, that God was good, in making your soul? What do you mean by *eternity?*

How are you very different from beasts? Who made you to differ from beasts? Why cannot beasts love God?

How should you feel towards God, the more you learn about Him? Has your soul *parts*?

Why do we use *different words*, when we speak about the soul? When do you feel *happy*? When, *unhappy*?

When are you *a good boy*? When, *a naughty boy*?

When are you *kind* to others? When, *angry*?

When do you *remember*? When do you *forget*?

What do you say, when you think a little, and feel as if you wished to do something, and you think, all at once, to do it?

What do you say, when you think, not to do a thing?

What is it, within you, that thinks, feels, and acts?

Does *one part* of your soul think, and *another part* feel, and *another part* act?

Can the soul think, feel, and act, a great many different ways? Are there different *names* for all these different ways of the soul's thinking, feeling, and acting?

When your soul goes out of your body, will you think, feel, and act, as you do *now*?

Do you know, *how* you will think, feel, and act, when your soul goes out of your body? Do *I* know? *Who* does know?

How do you know, that your soul will live forever?

What must you do, so that your soul may go to Heaven, when your body dies? What will you do in Heaven?

If you go to Heaven, will you *see God?*

Why do you believe so? How will you think, and feel, and act, in Heaven, if you go there?

Is there any thing in Heaven, that can make the people who go there unhappy? Do people in Heaven learn much?

Do they become more good and happy?

How do they feel towards God, and towards each other?

Will any good thing in Heaven ever be taken away?

What do you think of *Heaven?* What do you think of your *soul?* Of God? And of *the Book* which He has given you? *When* will you die?

What should you do, to get ready to die?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE X.

Is God good to you *alone?*

Does He do a great deal of good?

Are beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects, happy in the same way that *we are?* Have they much enjoyment?

How do *they* show us, that God delights in doing good?

How do *men*, and *women*, and *children* show us, that God *delights in doing* good?

Can you understand, how great the goodness of God is?

Do *you* wish to be happy? Do *others* wish to be happy?

Are you glad that God does good to *others*?

How must you learn to be like God?

How do all feel in Heaven?

How must *you* feel, so that you may go to Heaven?

Have you thought much, how to make *others* happy?

Suppose your father and mother had always thought, only how to make *themselves* happy? What is the Bible?

What does God teach us in the Bible?

Did God write the Bible?

How did the men who wrote the Bible, know what to write?

What should we have known about God, and our souls, and Heaven, and Hell, if God had not given us the Bible?

If you love the Bible, and obey it, how will it seem to you?

How can you seem to have God near you?

If you should have no friends, and know not what to do, *where* would you go, to have God guide you and help you?

What should you ask God to do? What should you tell God? What is *praying to God?*

What has God promised, if you will pray to him?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE XI.

Is the Bible like *other books?* *Whose* book is the Bible?

What *kind* of a book is the Bible? How should you *treat* the Bible? How should you *read* the Bible?

Why do you call the Bible, *holy?*

Is a church like *other* houses? *Whose* house is the church?

What *kind* of a house is the church?

What do people go to church *for?*

What do people do, in *other* houses?

How should you *feel* and *behave*, when you go to church?

Why do you call a church *holy?*

Is the Sabbath like *other* days?

Whose day is the Sabbath? What *kind* of a day is the Sabbath? What should you *do*, on the Sabbath?

Why do you call the Sabbath, *holy?*

Is Heaven like *other* places? *Who* lives in Heaven?

What *kind* of a place is Heaven?

Why do you call Heaven, *holy?*

Why should you wish to go to Heaven?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE XII.

Where do we learn almost every thing that we know of *God?*

What kind of a being is God?

Why is God very different from all *other* beings?

Have you had wicked thoughts?

Have *other people* had wicked thoughts?

Has God ever had any wicked thoughts, or feelings?

Has God ever said, or done, any thing wrong, or wicked, *ever so little*?

Does God like any thing that is wrong or wicked?

Can God *love you*, if you have wrong, or wicked, thoughts and feelings? Can any wrong, or wicked, thing ever get into Heaven? If any thing wrong, or wicked, should get into Heaven, how would the people in Heaven feel?

Why do you say, that God is holy?

Do you feel, that *you* are holy, and ready to go to Heaven?

How should you feel, when you think that you have been wicked? What should you *tell* God?

What should you *ask* God to do?

What should you *try to do*?

If you do *so*, what will God do?

What *good news* is there in the Bible, and what will the Bible tell you about it?

How should you *feel*, and *conduct* towards God?

Who are *those* that God will never admit into Heaven?

Why should you not go with the wicked in this world, and *do as they do?* Do you think about getting ready to die?

Do you *pray* to God? What do you pray *for?*

Do you feel sorry, that you have been wicked?

Do you determine, that you will try to be good?

Do you wish to learn more about the Bible?

If you had a Bible, for your own, what would you do with it?

RECOMMENDATIONS OF

THE CHILD'S BOOK ON THE SOUL.

If the talent of a work is to be estimated, not merely by the depth and originality of the conclusions which are reached, but by the soundness of its philosophy, the accuracy of observation which it exhibits, and the nice adaptation of means to an end in attaining the object in view, then this little book displays more talent than half the octavo volumes which have appeared in our language for many years. It is admirably adapted to be read and recited by the younger classes in Sunday Schools. Without some knowledge of this kind, the instructions there communicated will be wholly in vain. *Quarterly Christian Spectator.*

The author seems highly gifted with a tact of communicating knowledge to children in language and terms within their comprehension and at the same time in the most agreeable manner.

We should desire to see a million of the "Child's Book on the Soul" distributed among the children of America.

New-York Weekly Messenger.

It is admirably fitted to be used in the religious instruction of the earlier classes of pupils in Sunday Schools, in Infant Schools, as a text book for the teachers, and in primary Schools as a reading book. *New-York Observer.*

We hope the Child's Book on the Soul will be extensively circulated among our juvenile friends. *Episcopal Watchman.*

By the process of instruction here adopted, the learner is continually thrown upon, but not abandoned to, his own resources. His curiosity is excited and kept continually alive, and with every gratification of it, a new expectation is raised, his faculties are absorbed in the subject of his inquiry, his powers of comparison, discrimination and inference kept in pleasant exercise.

Christian Mirror.

If there be any one man fitted above all others, in this country, for writing books of elementary instruction, that man is the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. *New-York Commercial Advertiser.*

The work is neatly executed, and should be in the hands of all *Christian Mothers.* *Spirit of the Pilgrims.*

From the London Sunday School Teacher's Magazine for Oct. 1832.

REVIEW OF THE FIRST PART OF THE CHILD'S BOOK ON THE SOUL.

"In the preface, the author enters somewhat philosophically into an analysis of the interesting processes for conveying information, as developed with *admirable simplicity* in the work itself."

"This is very just: this is sterling philosophy."

"In composing his excellent series of lessons on the soul, Mr. Gallaudet has paid the strictest attention to these admirable principles; indeed his book may be taken as a practical exemplification of them; thus answering the two-fold purpose of supplying an intellectual manual for the young, and a book of example for the study of teachers."

"To show the admirably simple and luminous manner, both of style and illustration, with which the several dialogues are written, we shall present our readers with the concluding one."

"It was certainly a bold endeavour to reduce such a lofty subject as that of the soul to a level with the capacity of a child. But Mr. Gallaudet has succeeded; and his work may be ranked as the first of a class of its own. His views of education are evidently the fruits of experience; and he expounds this subject upon the most enlightened principles."

From the same work, Nov. 1832.

REVIEW OF YOUTH'S BOOK ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"In our review of the Child's Book on the soul, we expressed a wish, that the worthy author would construct a series of books, on different branches of knowledge, upon a *similar excellent model:* we have now the satisfaction to see this wish in part fulfilled. As a literary composition, the present work ranks superior to its predecessor—its style being more polished; and it has much heightened our opinion of Mr. Gallaudet's talents as a writer for the young. At home in America, he enjoys a high celebrity for benevolent and skilful labour in the difficult art of educating the deaf and dumb; and he has learned by experience what gentle patience, and what clear and precise explanation, must be used to convey instruction to, and to fix correct ideas in minds not yet unfolded, nor imbued with knowledge."

"We recognize in his work many weighty truths of Holy Writ, relative to the attributes and moral government of the Deity, couched in language graduated to the juvenile understanding; and our author *fully succeeds* in substantiating those truths by the pleasing evidence afforded by nature—in short he makes nature at once the youth's playmate and charming instructress. His illustrations are exceedingly simple and apposite." "We take our leave of the present work by repeating our sincere expressions of gratitude to the author for his labours." "A book like this is no work of chance, but is the result of a great expense of time, thought, and tact, in devising and perfecting it."

Extracts from a Review of the Child's Book on the Soul, Parts I. and II., in the Biblical Repertory and Theological Review, edited by an association of gentlemen in Princeton and its vicinity. April, 1832.

"It ought to be a subject of immense congratulation with the friends of education, that a gentleman, every way so well qualified, has undertaken the humble, but very important work, of preparing elementary books for children:—the prospects of society will be bright, when pious, Christian theologians, shall condescend to become the teachers of children."

"From what we know of the character of Mr. Gallaudet, we are not acquainted with any person better qualified to give a right direction to this momentous concern."

"In two respects, *the Book on the Soul* demands our unqualified approbation. The first is, the unaffected simplicity of the style. The words selected are generally pure English; and while every idea is presented in the plainest and most perspicuous manner, there are none of those diversities into which most persons naturally fall, when they write books for children. We have no doubt, that it has cost the writer more sedulous attention and labour, to write in this manner, than to compose in that florid and elegant style, in which many admired books are written."

"The other particular is,—the inculcation of one thing at a *time*, and the continual repetition of the same idea, until it is *completely understood*. The author has proceeded upon a correct knowledge of the state of the infant mind."

EXTRACTS FROM A REVIEW OF

THE CHILD'S BOOK ON THE SOUL,

BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET,

From the London Sunday School Teachers' Magazine, Oct. 1832.

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From a Review, in the November number of the same work, of "The Youth's Book on Natural Theology," by the same author.

"This work has much heightened our opinion of Mr. Gallaudet's talents as a writer for the young." "He has learned, (*by educating the deaf and dumb,*) what gentle patience, and what clear and precise explanation, must be used to convey instruction to, and to fix correct ideas in minds not yet unfolded, nor imbued with knowledge." "A book like this is no work of chance, but is the result of a great expense of time, thought, and tact, in devising and perfecting it."—"We repeat our sincere expression of gratitude to the author for his labors in behalf of little children."

From a Review, in the December number of the same work, of the Second Part of "The Child's Book on the Soul."

"The opinions advanced in our previous notice, have been fully borne out by a perusal of this second part, the dialogues of which appear equally simple, equally informing, equally worthy of admiration, with their predecessors."—"We wish the author God speed in the valuable work he has so auspiciously undertaken."